

State Normal Magazine

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In Memoriam
Ava Lee Lyon
Class of 1916
Died
December 7, 1915



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GREENSBORO, N. C., JANUARY, 1916

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Breath o' Spring

Louise Winston Goodwin, '16, Adelpian

Sodden skies, and the chill, dank wind;
Aching heart, and a tired mind;
And then—on a bare, brown bush to find
A flow'r o' the "Breath o' Spring"!

Sunlight and song, and a flash of red—
A cardinal's wooing, overhead—
A foreglimpse of springtime joyousness, sped
By a flow'r o' "Breath o' Spring"!

Soft gray skies, and the wild, free wind;
Courageous heart, and an eager mind;—
I chanced, on a bare brown bush, to find
A flow'r o' the "Breath o' Spring"!

A Winter's Tale

Evelyn McCullers, '18, Cornelian

'Twas on a Christmas Eve that six of us had gathered at the home of Frances Plant to celebrate the home-coming of her twin sister whom she had not seen since childhood. Frances' parents were both dead and she lived in their beautiful old home with her guardian. Elizabeth had always lived in a distant state with an uncle, because of a very unpleasant dispute between the mother's family and the father's which occurred at their death. But she had recently determined to come and live with her twin at their old home. For several months before this Christmas Eve, there had been only one thing on Frances Plant's mind—her twin sister. She had found out in numerous ways that her sister was—well, most everything that was beautiful and attractive as well as good. Furthermore, it had been her greatest pleasure to tell all of her friends, especially her guests of tonight, of her new joy. We were all seated around a big log fire in the library telling stories in turn to make the time pass more quickly until the stranger should arrive, when a telegram came, saying:

"Have been delayed. Arrive late tonight.

"Elizabeth Plant."

* * * * *

"But it's your turn to tell us a story now, Eleanor; you're next in the row, and I think we may well allow you a whole hour, for twelve is early enough to go home on a pretty snowy Christmas Eve like this one." Hattie's words were echoed all around, for all the girls knew Eleanor's ability as a story-teller.

"Make it awfully interesting," spoke up Nell, "or it won't drive away our disappointment in not seeing Fan's twin sister."

Eleanor sat pondering a few minutes, as if trying to picture something in the crackling fire. Her eyes twinkled just a bit and we all knew then to settle ourselves down for an interesting story.

“Well, girls, I’m not much at the art of story-telling, but here goes an attempt at one anyway. It’s the story of a strange girl who has crossed my path in life only three times, and still my experiences with her stand out vividly among the other experiences I’ve had. Here’s my story:

“The first time this girl ever crossed my path it was in New York City. I was walking towards home with my aunt, whom I was visiting at the time, about dusk one Thanksgiving night. The weather was fierce and the throng that moved steadily along looked as if they were facing a line of battle instead of a cutting south wind. Suddenly my eyes rested on a girl coming in my direction, as if driven frantically by something to me. I met her look with one square in the eyes and the first thing I saw was that one of her eyes was brown and the other blue. I had time to notice nothing further, for she collapsed at my feet. The next thing she knew she was in my aunt’s guest room, being cared for by an utter stranger—me.

“‘Oh’, she murmured as I rubbed her throbbing forehead, ‘you’re my guardian angel, really you are. I—was so frantic because I’d lost my purse and the other—girls and—all, that when I saw your face and felt that you would look after me—and—and I knew that face—couldn’t be anything—but—good, the relief was—so great that—that—but you know the rest.’ Suddenly, as if fully recovered now from the fainting spell, she sat straight in bed and said eagerly, ‘But, oh yes! You don’t even know my name, do you? And please, if you don’t mind, just let me be—be your lost school girl. Will you think bad things if I don’t tell you my name?’ I assured her that I knew all that was necessary and she needn’t tell me anything more, so she didn’t tell me her name, just told me that she’d run away from her chaperone which the college had sent to accompany her home because she had acted a little wild at school; that she had then lost her purse and was almost at the point of distraction when I met her. The next morning I saw her safely on her train and we drifted far apart, knowing nothing of each other.

“Well, the second time I crossed the path of this girl with different eyes happened to be at Stanley Hall, near Hartford,

where I was attending an alumnae association meeting. It was on an Easter night this time that the lady principal had given me an unopened telegram to take to room No. 34, and in this room I saw her. At first I did not recognize her, for she indeed looked different. She was stretched out across her bed, half laughing and half weeping, it seemed. I was puzzled at first, but soon perceived that she had too much wine, or something of the kind. Her beautiful golden hair was terribly disheveled; her eyes seemed to be sparkling one moment, then filled with tears, and the next looking as blank as those of an idiot; the beautiful evening frock which she wore was twisted and hanging miserably about her. She was indeed a pitiful looking sight. As I entered she lifted one hand slightly, as much as to say, 'Come in', and then burst into a silly laugh. I went and stood over her a few moments, thinking how I could best aid her, and at the same time making an attempt to find out where she had been. I finally succeeded in finding out that she had slipped out and gone to a cabaret with some 'fascinating Frenchman', and in her wild way had what she called a 'big time' and good things to drink.

"I read the telegram and it was of minor importance, but as quick as a flash an idea popped into my mind. I put the poor thing to bed in spite of all her protests and mumblings that she wanted to go out 'with the girls and celebrate Easter'. I also straightened up her room, and after turning out the light, locked her door and took the key with me. The next morning early I went to her; she was all right, of course. I told her fully of the state she had been in, of the comment which her actions were very likely to bring about, and of the danger she was now in. We looked each other square in the eyes again and this time the brown one looked steady and full of strength, but the blue one wavered unsteadily.

"'But, girl, for heaven's sake, what can I do? For mercy's sake, tell me something, anything, any way I can get out of it! Help me, girl!' She seemed to speak from the depth of her heart, and truly she needed help. She seemed as incapable of looking out for herself and as helpless as a child. She was the most pitiful grown girl I've ever seen.

"'Well, there's one thing you can do. Get away from

school,' I told her, after considering awhile. She jumped at the idea.

" 'Get away! That's the very thing, but what excuse can I give? And what shall I do for money?' Her brain seemed to be in a perfect tumble.

" 'Never mind about the excuse. The unopened telegram will do that all right, and I have some money in my room.' Her eyes seemed to thank me dumbly. That same morning I helped her straighten her affairs out and saw her safely going to her home (where it was, I knew not), and when I told her goodbye the last time and turned homeward a feeling that is priceless passed over me—that I had really helped somebody.

"The third time I saw her was this morning. I was over in Philadelphia shopping, and as I was standing waiting for the car, I saw her standing in the hotel lobby. A more beautiful picture I never shall hope to see again. She was exquisite. Her hair was a mass of golden beauty, and this time I looked her in the eyes I saw that the brown eye had another to go with it, for the blue one now looked steady and full of strength and character. She stood there in a dress of black and white checkerboard chiffon, a costume distinctly individual and suited to no one as well as the lady of the different eyes. What her object is in coming down here I have no idea. That's all."

At this minute, while the girls were still musing over and picturing this blue and brown-eyed story-girl, the maid opened the door, and bowing neatly, said, "Miss Frances, your sister." There before us stood a girl with one blue eye and one brown one, in a black and white checkerboard chiffon dress. Every one of us were petrified, it seemed, but we welcomed her the best we could. Frances gracefully led her now into the next room where she could speak to her guardian, but as she turned to close the door we all saw a look of joy mixed with sorrow. We all remained silent and motionless until Eleanor went to the door and called Frances. When she came, Eleanor closed the doors securely behind her, and said: "Girls, Frances dear, how can I ever square this awful thing of tonight? But *I declare to you on my honor* that I have never laid my eyes on that girl until I saw her in the hotel lobby this morning. The other was simply 'A Winter's Tale'."

Spenser—The Poet's Poet

Katie Pridgen, '17, Adelphian

When we become interested in the works and life of a real genius, we often wonder what other geniuses think of him. Edward Spenser, the "poet's poet", was the successor of Chaucer and the predecessor of Shakespeare in the imperial line of poets. It is interesting to find what some other poets have said about him.

With Spenser, we are not, as with Chaucer, admitted to the mirth and jolly companionship of the common highway; rather, like Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott" in her high tower, we see in a glass only the passing reflection of knight and page. However, as Arnold in his "Study of Poetry" says, with Spenser "we can follow the traditions of the liquid diction, the fluid movement of Chaucer".

In his "Preface to Shakespeare", Samuel Johnson ascribes to the "poet's poet" equally with the "myriad minded" Shakespeare the distinction of having first discovered to what degree of smoothness and harmony the English language could be softened. He it was who brought into the English verse the soft music and sensuous beauty of the Italian romance.

The God-gifted organ-voice of England has spoken of him in his "Areopagitica" as "our sage and serious Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas".

One is a bit startled after reading this, if she reads in Hazlitt's "Lectures on the English Poets":

"The love of beauty, and not of truth, is the moving principle of his mind; and he is guided in his fantastic delineations by no rule but by the impulse of an inexhaustible imagination."

In trying to reconcile these two views, we must remember that Spenser was a true representative of his time; he was at once an English Puritan, and an Italian Humanist; a child of the Renaissance, and a child of the Reformation; a lofty moralist, and the "Rubens of English poets". Spenser rebels

continually against the tyranny of the commonplace, and against the restricted tone of English thought. He disclosed in lowly mien the ideal point of view; created in souls a consciousness of their wings; sowed in them the seeds of a noble discontent with prosaic views of life; turned their attention to ideas into whose divine presence no man can be lifted without becoming, in some degree, himself divine. Cradled in the richness of Italy, nurtured in the mistiness of Ireland, Spenser's genius was empowered to give to English poetry the very qualities it most needed. Into fields made barren and dusty with systematic pedantry it poured a warm and invigorating rain of romance.

Dryden was a sincere follower of Spenser. In his "Dedication of the Aeneis" he says:

"I must acknowledge that Virgil in the Latin, and Spenser in the English, have been my masters. Spenser has also given me the boldness to make use of his Alexandrian line."

Again he says:

"No man was ever born with a greater genius or had more knowledge to support it."

Thomson, in his "Seasons", has expressed beautifully the thought of Spenser's greatness in these lines:

"The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son,
Who like a copious river, poured his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground."

Of all the criticisms that we have read, those by Wordsworth seemed to be the most appreciative and sympathetic. In his sonnet on the sonnet, he affectionately speaks of the other poet as

"Mild Spenser, called from Faery Land
To struggle through dark ways."

And again, in his prelude:

"Sweet Spenser moving through his clouded heaven,
With the moon's beauty, and the moon's soft pace,
I called him Brother, Englishman, and Friend."

A Bit of Nature's Western Verse

Louise Winston Goodwin, '16, Adelphian

There are people whose voices take on an exalted note and soften when we speak of

"The light that never was on land or sea,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

And there are people from whom a rolling lowland, abloom with goldenrod, brings a low-voiced exclamation of appreciation like this:

"Some of us call it autumn
And others call it God."

And some of us marvel at the wonderful touch of the artist that can body so much of nature's beauty in a poet's verse. And some of us, in our souls, uncover our heads when we hear, in divinely exquisite accents, a poem from the triumphantly lavish poet-hand of Nature. And often, in the ways of every day, Nature suddenly turns another page of her book of verse, and we are held anew in the spell of some magical poem her caprices conjure before us.

Last summer I opened a new volume—Nature's Book of Western Verse. The first poem came in the hours before sunrise, on Pike's Peak, in the Colorado Rockies. The ascent to the summit, which we began in the first small hour of morning, had borne us for five hours, up and up, jolted, slowly, steadily, regularly, up, and up, by a cog railway. Up past rocks and crags, brooks and trees, fern-fringed pools reflecting the clear moonlight, up the rough uneven slopes—looking more craggy and more primeval by virtue of the bright moonlight, and massy black shadows; up past barren slopes where no trees grew, we were jolted, lifted, jarred, surely, rhythmically, insistently, through the hours. Then came the grayness of dawn; then a rosy scarf thrown over the white shoulder of first one cloud, then another; and then the summit of Pike's Peak, holding here and there, in a bald, rocky lap, patches of frozen snow, left from the blizzard of a few days before. Clear, rare, cold, the air at the end of our trying ascent

refreshed and revived us—fitted us for an appreciation of the wonderful picture we were to see.

What matter to us that there was a curio shop, a breakfast booth, a fire to warm our cold-numbered bodies; what matter to us that there was a long line of the cunningest little furry gray burrows, all saddled and ready for the tortuous descent? We stood on the summit of Pike's Peak. All around us lay a wonderful panorama of the Rockies and their valleys, and we were on the mountain top, nine thousand feet above the valley. We stood in the dawn, but night still wrapped in sleep the cities below us, with their myriad twinkling lights, each one clear and distinct, through the wonderfully clear atmosphere. Above the plains we were watching the miracle of dawn; slightly below us, not hiding, but canopying them, hung a sea of cloud over the cities in the valley—ever shifting, bellowing, curling, like spray on a rockbound shore; catching the changing tints of the colored dawn—gray and silver and snow-white, then rose, and saffron and gold. And from the valley cities, spires of smoke began to curl upward, tiny white spirals from smokestacks and chimneys, as the valley people began to get ready for the day. There lay the poem: the spirals, as of incense, lifting from the depths of the valley, toward the glowing "East-shrine", with its colorful altar cloth. And suddenly, as our voices were hushed, under the magic spell of nature's early mass, as a deity, bright, glorious, benign, the sun rose, bringing a new day.

Another page of western verse, and we were upon a mountain top, and again 'twas the ascent that prepared us for the poem nature read us. Climbing a ribbon-like road, that looped and wound and looped again, around crags and precipices and perilous looking canyons, we were ascending, in automobiles, the Crystal Park Drive, to the backbone of the mountain chain circling Manitou and Colorado Springs. Away in the distance the guide showed us a glimpse of Pike's Peak, shrouded in one of its favorite snow storms. But *our* mountains were not to be outdone. Half way to the summit there swept upon us in majestic unrestraint, a driving, crashing thunderstorm, with all its mad abandon of lightning and wind and rain. And then, after a brief reign of terror—while we could only go

forward, for there was no space to turn back—we saw its wild havoc pass on to the valleys below, and we kept on our way to the top. Arrived, it was a delight to look out over the scene spread there below us—to the seven cities in the valleys—and the seven hundred square miles of west land under the watch care of the old mountain range. There to the right was Manitou; just beyond, high in the face of a craggy cliff, the row of cliff dwellers' caves. And then with a cry of delight, we looked on the loveliest sight—Nature did the most poetic thing I ever saw her do.

There over the valley hung the storm cloud. There below it lay the garden of the gods, its picturesque, wonderfully builded spires and gateways and majestic sculptured piles of rich, warm red, in a plain of gray soil and green grass—nature's masterpiece of garden architecture. And right down from the gray raincloud above it, reached a rainbow—the most brilliant, most perfect rainbow—reached straight down into the heart of the Garden of the Gods; and beside it its reflection, as exquisitely delicate and ethereal as the goddess Iris herself.

And we passed down the mountainside, with the memory of that last glimpse, when the glamour of the myths of gone ages wrapped the garden in romance.

To a White Rose

Ruth Charles, '19, Adelpkian

O, little white rose, fairest of roses!
 With a fragrant and beautiful heart,
 What artist can copy thy perfect form?
 A thought of the Maker thou art.

O, Queen of Roses! without peer in thy realm,
 Art thou trying a thought to impart?
 Yea, I get thy sweet message, I know what it is,
 A thought of the Maker thou art.

Picturesque Nomenclature in Yellowstone Park

Helen Barnhardt, Cornelian

Coaching the Yellowstone Park over the lower route, we found part of the appeal of the strange nature wonders there in the appropriateness and the picturesqueness of their naming. In fixing characteristic names to the geysers and pools and springs of the Yellowstone Park the effect aimed at was the embodiment of as much as possible of their beauty and wonders in their names. Many of these nature wonders were named by people who believed that his Satanic Majesty in all his superior strength and power was very near the surface in this part of the world, ever present, always alert and untiringly active; so naturally the most interesting and terrible places were named after himself and his dominion. "Hell's Half Acre" is a huge area surrounded by rough perpendicular ledges which project over a monstrous gulf of unknown depth, from which great clouds of steam are constantly emerging. Beneath the steam is a lake seething and boiling. For a long time it was thought to be only a lake of hot water, but in 1881 the underlying force hurled the entire lake with its contents of volumes of boiling water and rock upward to a height of two hundred and fifty feet. Eruptions of this nature continued for several months. In 1881 the final eruption occurred which was the most powerful known in the park. At that time more boiling water was ejected than the water of all the geysers combined. The force was so great that tons of the rocky ledges were hurled more than two hundred feet high. This geyser is called "Excelsior, the King Geyser".

Perhaps the most interesting is Old Faithful Geyser. Her crater is conical in shape and is surrounded by rough terraces of white lava which in hardening have formed pool-like depressions which are exquisitely and delicately tinted by the mineral water. Once every hour, varying only by a few minutes, with grace and dignity Old Faithful gives a display in her

hurling waters of the soul of the underworld, and for four or five minutes she flings to a height of one hundred and fifty feet a slender column of boiling water and steam of feathery and cloudlike whiteness. Then, with the same dignity she withdraws her splendor into the crater again, leaving above only a thin scarf of steam.

"The Minute Geyser" plays with clock-like promptness every sixty seconds, throwing into the air a spray of water and steam.

The "Mud Geyser" presents a terrible appearance. Looking down into its black, dragon-like throat one sees spluttering masses of boiling mud. Every few minutes a boiling volume of this mud is hurled several feet above the mouth of the crater.

The "Bee Hive", the "Grand" and the "Splendid", when active, throw volumes of boiling water several hundred feet in the air, but these are less frequent and prompt than many of the smaller ones.

But the geysers are not the only marvels of these volcanic regions. The pools of boiling water are inconceivably beautiful to those who have never seen them. No photograph can show their clear transparent depths and peculiar colorings; no pen or tongue can tell the exquisite beauty of their tint, and the infinite variety of their hues.

The most famous of these pools is "Emerald Pool", whose name describes its wonderful color; it has always been the object of tourists' quest, and artists from many lands have sought to catch its beauties on canvas, but in despair they have gone away.

"Sunlight Lake" is a great boiling pool whose colors are wonderfully blended from orange to yellow to green and blue to violet in the center. Even the steam which rises from it is colored and hangs over the pool like a rainbow.

One of the most remarkably colored springs is the "Morning Glory Spring". It is as beautiful as a dream, this pool shaped exactly like the flower whose name it bears. Its crusted edges are in a setting of gray, fringed with delicate tinges of pink and gold, and its hot waters shade from soft

translucent blue to a clear dark blue, terrible and luring, to a depth that has never been fathomed.

"Turquoise Spring" has the most exquisite coloring that the world knows.

"Prismatic Lake", two hundred and fifty feet by four hundred feet, has all the colors from deep blue in the center to green and gold at the margins, beyond which there are rust red deposits which shade into purple and brown and gray.

There are the "Mammoth Paint Pots" occupying a huge area, each holding bubbling, spluttering, boiling mud of new and peculiar color of dull, dead tones fit for the Kipling artist to dip his comets-hair brush "and splash at a ten-league canvas".

"Sulphur Spring" is constantly bubbling, boiling, and brewing strange and tragic odors of fire and brimstone.

From an opening in the ground surrounded by rock as black as night are belched forth masses of steam which can be heard many hundred feet away, so terrible and thunderous are its utterings. Is this not well named the "Black Growler"?

The "Mammoth Fish Pot" is lifted in a conical shaped crater surrounded by the cold mountain water of the Yellowstone Lake, save for a narrow neck of land that connects it to the shore as a handle. The waters of this lake, which is the highest fresh water lake, save one, in the world, are always clear and extremely cold, adding a vivid interest to this phenomena. A fisherman can stand on the crater of this remarkable pool, catch a trout from the lake, drop it over his shoulder into the boiling pool and cook it, never budging an inch.

There are many other pools and springs that are equally as wonderful and characteristically named. It is impossible to view these marvels of nature in a casual manner. It is truly God's Place of Wonders, "not built by hands". And the Infinite allows us to come and look and listen trembling, to worship spellbound and then depart.

Van Biber and His Stepmother

Genevieve Moore, '16, Cornelian

Van Biber was the most composed one in the room. His bright blue eyes were unclouded, his stubborn red hair stood out with its accustomed independence, and his freckles still shone with unmoved brilliancy.

"If dad wants to bring us a stepmother, let him do it. I don't blame him for wantin' somebody always on hand. Y'u see, y'u c'n never tell when y'u er Specky's goin' a' git married, an' I might be called off to war 'er somethin' most any-time, then dad 'ud be by hisself 'thout nobody to 'tend t' 'im, 'er t' blow up one't in a while. All I got ter say is I ain't goin' t' call 'er mother. If pa wants to marry Miss Strander, he can, but I'll jus' call 'er 'Aunt Jinny', an' no closer."

With this final declaration Van Biber strolled out of the room with the air of a young monarch giving final orders.

The sisters looked at each other dejectedly, until a slight smile crept over Specky's countenance, and an answering brightness chased away Bertha's frowns.

It was the older one that broke the silence.

"If 'Bib' decided to call her 'Aunt Jinny', or 'Aunt Skinny', or even just 'Skinny', we could hardly stop him; in fact, we'd all probably be doing the same thing in a very short time. It's hardly worth while trying to drill him in behavior, he'll end by being exactly himself, and getting along better than we will with all our endeavors; and she'll end by loving him and just tolerating us."

When the bridal pair arrived that evening the family gathered in the sitting room to formally welcome their former distant neighbor into the inner circle of family relationship. Bib alone was absent, but it was not long before his curiosity drew him also to the room of activity. He quietly slipped up to the parlor, and leaning his head into the door opening, beheld the group gathered about the fireplace. In the center was a slender teachery looking lady, dressed in black taffeta which rustled when she moved. In his effort to take in as

much of the situation as possible without risking himself over the door sill, Van Biber lost balance, and in his scuffle for equilibrium, drew his father's attention to his presence. The latter immediately demanded his young son to shake hands with "Your New Mother". The boy, with a frank, though bashful grin, awkwardly extended his hand, then turning, fled from the room.

Life passed very smoothly for a few days, under the new order, until one evening at supper while Bib was contentedly devouring a piece of pie, he heard the highly pitched voice of his Aunt Jenny saying:

"He who eats bread from the edge of his knife
Will be a poor man the rest of his life."

Van Biber looked up open-eyed. The sisters exchanged glances. The father glanced at his wife (Van Biber always thought of her as his father's step-wife), then at the boy, saying, "Son, use your fork."

"Son" looked blank a moment, then picked up the fork and without a word finished his dessert.

In the meantime he was having a peculiar time inside. Little waves of surprise kept chasing up and down his body. He had heard of the rule against using his knife, but had really supposed that any one preferring a knife to a fork would use whichever they pleased. As he finished Bib took another look at his "Aunt Jenny". She was in the act of taking a bite of bread, holding the morsel so that her little finger stood out in a prominent semi-circle, away from her hand. He decided that she "shore must be educated".

In a very few weeks the girls disliked their stepmother thoroughly, not because she was hard to get along with, but because of her foolish airs and cranky notions. Van Biber had noticed her enough to realize that she was uncomfortably fond of poetry.

One morning the three children were gathered around the flower bed in the side yard, where Bertha was putting out flowers. "Specky" was evidently gloomy.

"Sister", she said mournfully, "did you hear Aunt Jenny's tantalizing remark this morning when I spilt the milk?" But Van Biber broke in before she could answer.

"And did you hear her when I pitched my hat in the corner?"

Bertha brushed the dirt off her big capable hands as she turned to comfort them.

"Well, neither of you are with her as much as I have to be, around the house here, so be thankful for that. If I can tolerate her so much of the time, for father's sake, try to stand her whenever she is with you."

"Stand nothin'!" thundered the fourteen-year-old gentleman of the family. If she stays here she's got to cut out that poetry stuff, 't least 'round me."

"But it will only make matters worse if you make a fuss about it," objected Specky.

"Makes no difference, I won't stand it," insisted the unhappy boy, as he shoved his hands a little deeper into his pockets, and spread his feet a little further apart. Then after a moment's quiet a smile spread over his face, a smile that sent little ripples over the red of his cheeks, past the mass of freckles around his eyes, and even up among the roots of his fiery red hair.

"Gee, but ain't she *perlite*," he ejaculated, as Bertha, giving him a playful spank, sent him off to fish.

After he was gone Specky turned to her sister.

"I'm afraid he's going to make his first enemy." But the latter, shaking her wise head answered, "Just wait, it will come out all right."

That evening Van Biber brought home the first shad of the season, and his joy was volcanic.

"Ain't I a fisherman, though? Doggone, but that's a big 'un, a five-pounder, I bet." He placed his catch on the kitchen table, viewed it from one side, then moved around and squinted at it from another angle.

"A bloomin' fine one!" he reiterated.

But his speech was interrupted by a thin, highly pitched voice from behind him.

"The boy who in youth doth indulge in slang,
Is apt, so I've heard, in the end to hang."

"The boy" gave one glance at the pursed lips and lightly clasped fingers, then looking her square in the eyes, answered:

“The lady who’s tryin’ to be a poet
If she don’t look out will surely rue it.”

Mrs. Pike interchanged her hands nervously, several times, cleared her throat, and attempted to speak. But she could get no further than “ah—er—a”, so turned and disappeared, with her rustling of silk, into the sitting room.

In the meanwhile the culprit had turned toward the porch, and with a wink at his horrified sister, had vanished into the back yard.

It was not long after this that Van Biber was kept in bed with a bilious fever. His sisters cared for him devotedly, and it was not until late in the evening that a swish in the hall announced that the stepmother was also interested in his condition. She stepped over to the patient and asked how he felt, but Van Biber’s face was turned toward the wall, and as he did not stir, they supposed him asleep. Mrs. Pike glanced down at the bed as she turned, and noticing a blanket there, suggested that it should be removed as it might cause his fever to go higher.

“But the air is really cool today,” objected Bertha, “and he might take cold.”

“It should be written in words of gold
That fever patients can never take cold.”

An upheaval from the bed announced that Van Biber was not asleep. He turned over long enough to say:

“It should be writ on every fence
That my Aunt Jinny’s got no sense.”

“Aunt Jenny” raised her eyebrows—figited around a moment, then went from the room. It was quite evident she was no fighter.

The boy got well in a very short time, but found that his sauciness had made no serious impression upon the dauntless poetess. She still had a rhyme for every occasion, and heeded not that the whole household was becoming muggy, and even the bright mischievous pet of the family was becoming morose.

One day while busy on the river bank he heard his step-mother calling down to him:

“Since the day’s so very fine and clear,
If you’ll take me, I’ll visit my home, my dear.”

Van Biber grunted, and proceeded to the boat house. It was a lovely day for a motor up the river. Great puffs of white clouds were piled high in the heavens. The sun shone warmly, gilding the water with splotches of sparkling gold. There was just enough breeze to put tiny white caps on the wavelets, as they chased each other toward the shore, and no signs of showers made doubtful the safety of the trip.

But there was a storm inside Van Biber’s breast that grew in power and speed as he sat listening to the prattle of his stepmother’s rhymed sentences. He was indeed glad when he could bump the boat against the wharf of their destination, and realized that he would have a few moments’ peace.

While Mrs. Pike was visiting, her little pilot perched himself on an old log near the water’s edge, and engaged in some deep thinking.

“She’d do right well if it wasn’t for her quotin’ all the time,” he mused. “She knows a lot about baseball, and things that are sumptin’. But ’spose the boys were to hear her flingin’ that stuff.” He leaned over to pick up a pebble which he skidded over the water.

“’Spose they would! If I could just think o’ some way to stop her, I’d shore do it.” He remained deep in thought for some time, and then his face brightened up—a smile curved his lips and gradually his face became an expression of beaming enthusiasm.

“By Hinkey, I’ve got it!” he yelled, and turned a hand spring on the sand.

It was indeed a very impatient, but suspiciously happy boy that greeted Mrs. Pike when she returned from the house.

He slid down the piling of the wharf, instead of using the safer method of steps, and soon had the gasoline engine chugging away loudly.

In a few minutes they rounded the curve, and were out in the open water. Next them the shore was green with thick

shrubbery, before them the water stretched out, a moving sheet of graceful curves, each curve topped with tiny foamy splashes. Two or three miles across was the dark brown shore of the opposite side, with here and there a tiny cabin nestled among a clump of trees, and the whole softened with the vapory hue of distance, and blended with the blue of the heavens.

At his first opportunity Van Biber began his remedy.

"I wish you'd cut out that poetry all the time, Aunt Jinny."

"Why, my dear, that's cultured. Not every one can have such a command of the English language. It has become a part of me, child. I could not get along without it."

Van Biber was quiet a moment.

"Can you float?"

"No, indeed, I cannot float,
I much prefer to be in a boat."

"Well, it's time you're knowing then."

"Why—er—is any—thing wrong with the boat?"

"Naw, everything's O.K., but I'm goin' a dump it over in a minute."

"What?" she asked, terrified.

Ignoring her remark, he continued calmly:

"And when I start to rescue you, and you begin sumpthin' like—

"Oh, please do pull me to the shore,
I never was in no water before,"

I'm going to hold you until you promise never to say another rhyme, and if you don't promise I'll just have to let you go—and see if you can get to the shore yourself."

Real anger was unknown to the slender little woman in the stern. Her policy was ever to cope with the situation at hand by easy argumentative measures, so she now proceeded, although trembling slightly, to put up a defence.

"Ah—er—don't you think they're bright—and—your father likes them."

"Bright? We've got a plenty o' light here; y'u better send 'em to the heathern that's in darkness, they might need

'em. Nobody else around here would risk their life sayin' em", and he gave the boat a little dip to one side, to emphasize his remark.

"Oh!" she cried, as her hands sought the sides of the boat nervously, "that splashed on my silk dress."

"Won't hurt it," he grunted, and swayed the boat again, only more vigorously, sending a splash of water over both of them.

Mrs. Pike tried to scream, but her voice was paralyzed. As he sent another spray of water over them she managed to gasp out:

"Oh—just stop, and I'll promise anything you want." Her hat had screwed around over one ear, her coat was twisted, and her long gloves had crawled down over her hands. She was indeed the picture of dismay.

"Cross your heart then that you won't say any more poetry."

"All right, I cross it."

"I didn't see you do it."

"But I can't let go."

"Wait a moment 'till the boat is quiet."

So they waited—and the boy asked again for the sign.

Agitatedly Mrs. Pike crossed her breast with one gloved hand, while the other still clutched the boat.

"Get me to the shore and I'll never even think any more poetry," she begged.

Solemnly they landed, the boy a little shaky himself over his daring.

"Aunt Jinny," he said, looking at her rather regretfully, "better put your hat around to the front."

"Don't your gloves belong pulled up?"

"You didn't get very wet, did you?"

"The splashing is nothing compared to the fright, Van Biber; how could you have done it?"

The boy swallowed hard. All the anger and daring were gone and in their place only sympathy and regret.

"I didn't think you'd really get so orful scared. We boys do that way lots—an' I wouldn't really a dumped you in for nothin'."

The woman looked down at the penitent little face and her heart softened. "Do you dislike me so much, Van Biber? The rest all seem to, too—perhaps I should go home and stay."

"No, don't do that; father wouldn't have nobody to always take care o' him when Bertha and Specky's married, and when I'm gone off to war, or somewheres, or nobody to fuss at sometimes when he's not feelin' right. You won't go, will you?"

She looked down into the eager eyes for a moment, then leaned over and kissed his freckled forehead.

"No, I won't go," she answered.

A few moments later Specky was surprised while sitting with her sewing to see the two coming up the hill together. She jumped up and ran to the kitchen.

"Bertha, it's happened—Bib is ahead of us. He and Aunt Jinny are coming up the hill hand in hand, and I know he would never stand for that unless they were enjoying each other.

"Just as I expected," came back the answer.

The New Year

Eoline Everett, '19, Cornelian

Within the flower-bed of time,
A fair young plant begins to grow.
A flower or a weed, which one?
We wonder, but we do not know.

As keepers of that flower-bed,
With watchful care we'll meet its need,
And if a flower, more rare 'twill be,
And if a weed, a better weed.

The Red Cross Society

Annie Bell Harrington, '18, Cornelian

Of an organization with such an international reputation for charities as the Red Cross Society we should know more of its origin, growth and principles.

Henry Dunaut, a distinguished citizen of Geneva, Switzerland, happened to be traveling in Italy during the French and Austrian War and was greatly moved by the shocking condition of the wounded in both armies. As soon as he returned home he began publishing his observations of these conditions and it was by his efforts that an international conference was held in Geneva less than a year later in which nearly all nations of Europe and the United States were represented. This conference was held for the purpose of formulating a plan for relieving the suffering of wounded soldiers in time of war, and proved to be a great success. A treaty known as the treaty of Geneva was sent to the head officials of each government represented in the conference, asking them to unite in the work. The five years preceding the organization of the Red Cross Society in America were struggling ones. By the advice of President Garfield and several members of his cabinet, the association was formed during the winter of 1881-82. Miss Clara Barton was made president. It was President Garfield's full intention to facilitate the adoption of the Treaty of Geneva in his next message to Congress. He died before that message was delivered, but Arthur, his successor, carried out his plans. The treaty was ratified by Congress, and proclaimed to the people. Later it was ratified by the international powers in congress at Berne, with a pledge to relieve human suffering in time of war, and to help in any great national disaster. The Treaty of Geneva had only included relief for the unfortunate in time of war, but after the question had been studied more thoroughly, by the efforts of Miss Barton, it was decided to widen the scope of the work and have for the one purpose of its organization the relief of suffering caused by any great national calamity.

The President of the United States is, ex officio, head of the Red Cross Society of America. The society is governed by a central committee composed of eighteen members, five of which the President of the United States appoints, the others being elected at the annual meeting of the society. The expenses of the society are audited by the war department. Boards are organized in each state to form a permanent emergency committee of which the Governor is president. Besides these, there are local chapters, the duty of which is to collect funds and supplies for relief when called upon by the central committee.

Henry Dunaut first impressed upon the minds of the people of Europe the need of such an organization and decided what the society's emblem should be. He conceived the idea of a white flag with the Red Cross emblem and this has been recognized by every civilized country as the symbol of neutrality and world wide charity. The first president of the French Red Cross Society interpreted the Red Cross flag as "the international flag of humanity" and declared that "it carried in its folds the precious seed of love for one's neighbor without distinction of race or creed".

The organization has done many deeds of charity. On the 28th of August, 1893, a hurricane from the direction of the West Indies, swept over the coast of South Carolina, doing great damage especially on the Port Royal Islands, the inhabitants of which were mostly negroes. The Governor of the state called on the Red Cross Society for aid. His call was heeded, the islands were drained, ditches were cut, homes were built and fields and gardens were planted. The natives were given food and helped in every other way possible. And those poor negroes have never forgotten the help rendered them at this time, for they were among the first to send in their contribution to the Red Cross Society as aid for the victims of the Galveston flood.

When news reached America of the awful wreck of the Titanic, the Red Cross Society, through its institutional member at New York, was designated by the Mayor of that city to take charge of the relief work in behalf of the sufferers. A fund of \$162,000 was immediately contributed.

The American Red Cross Society has done a great work not only within the boundaries of America, but over the whole world. There may be an earthquake in Italy, a flood in China, a famine in India, or a disaster of any kind anywhere; the American Red Cross Society is always ready to give aid. Red Cross Societies of other nations may respond, but never so generously as that of the United States. For instance, during a recent famine in China, the United States gave nine-tenths of the aid received.

Lines

Arey Lipe, '16, Cornelian

Oh, year that is passing, leave behind
 Some memory that is true and kind,
 Something to daily gladden my heart,
 Old year!

Oh, year that is coming, bring to me
 Some joy, some happiness. May I be
 A friend to all I know and see—
 Old year!

A Splash Into Love

Bessie Bell, Cornelian

"Yes, I plead guilty to having been in love once," remarked Jack Worden, a newspaper man. "And my love affair lasted four minutes by the watch."

The young men were all astonished at this remark, for they well knew Worden's reputation as a woman-hater.

"Aw, come on, Worden. Tell us about it like a sport," pleaded Dick Wooten, Worden's chum.

"Yes, the story, Worden, the story," they all pleaded.

"All right, here goes. But honest, boys, it's a poor apology for a story; in fact, it's an adventure.

"In June, two years ago, the chief sent me to Lakeside, which is between Lake Huron and Lake Superior, to get a story. There were quite a number of tourists and visitors there, but nevertheless business was dull. I couldn't rake up a story however hard I tried.

"One afternoon I strolled out to a point on the rocky shore where I found several visitors from the hotel. One of them was a young lady. Her eyes met mine, and after that, I can't tell why, but all I heard was her musical voice.

"'I did hope one of the men would dare to shoot the falls,' she said. 'But it seems that I'm to be disappointed.'

"'Why, it would be absurd to try it out in mid stream. It's dangerous and entirely out of the question,' a man answered.

"'But they do do it sometimes,' she retorted. 'An Indian told me so. And I want to do it out there past the large rock. I did hope one of the men would have the courage to shoot the rapids with me,' she repeated defiantly.

"'I'll shoot the rapids with you, if I may,' I said quickly.

"'Come on,' she answered, as if she had always known me. 'Let's get those Indians with their boat.'

"Ten minutes later I had hired the Indians to take us down the rapids. We made our way to just above the place where the large rocks turned the smooth waters into eddies and foaming whirlpools.

“‘We want to go down past the big rock,’ my companion called to the Indian.

“‘Ugh,’ answered the redskin in a tone which meant ‘all right’.

“‘I was sitting on the lower seat, and I confess, boys, I neither thought of nor cared about anything in the world except the face before me. The girl’s eyes were sparkling with excitement.

“‘Now,’ called the Indian suddenly.

“‘He quickly swung the craft around. We were covered with spray. The canoe was tossed and dashed about by the whirlpools. The rocks loomed large and black around us, and it seemed every minute as if we would be crushed against them. Nothing was heard but the roar of the waters. We were both drenched. The roar now sounded like thunder, deafening, and becoming louder. The boat pitched and tossed. Rocks seemed to surround us and reach out to embrace us. The spray blinded our eyes and stung our faces. I thought every moment would be the last.

“‘Suddenly it all ended. The rocks were passed, the whirlpools were gone. The guides were steering us through the rather rough water and hurrying us toward the shore.

“‘The boat at last reached the place where the crowd had watched our dangerous voyage. I noticed a strange man in the group.

“‘‘You foolish girl!’ he exclaimed, as I helped my companion from the canoe.

“‘‘Oh! oh! When did you come?’ she cried, rushing toward him.

“‘‘On the last train, just in time to rescue my wife from a watery grave,’ he answered as he kissed her.

“‘So you see, boys,’ Worden finished, ‘the trip lasted four minutes, which was the length of not only one of the most thrilling and exciting experiences, but also of my first and only love affair.’”

A Circus Parade

Bessie Parham, '18, Cornelian

"Here it comes! here it comes!" were the words I heard on all sides and my heart jumped right into my throat for sheer joy. Stretching as high as possible on tiptoe, I tried to catch a glimpse of the oncoming sight, and being hindered by the people around, I slipped from my nurse, squeezed to the front, and stood excitedly waiting.

First came a big gilded coach, on top of which was a clown frantically waving his arms and shouting at the top of his voice through a megaphone: "Come see the sights! All for fifty cents! All for fifty cents!" Following this were three or four coaches covered with pictures of the most ferocious looking animals one ever saw and on the back of the coach was, "See these at the show." Then there were the cages with the monkeys, wildcats, bears, lions, kangaroos and tigers, and behind these came the big animals "two by two"—the old rusty elephants, the brown dusty camels and a string of tousled-looking ponies. Next came the horses, and as I gazed at the lovely ladies in their red riding suits on those sleek white horses a thrill ran through me. How I longed to be one of them! And as I stood looking after them a clown, who was driving a donkey, said, "Look at the child; I believe she is petrified." A titter ran through the crowd and I should have died of mortification if I had not heard in the distance the exquisite music of the steam piano. I stood intently listening until it had passed, for with it passed the parade.

The crowd swarmed together in a mass and I scrambled back to my nurse, who during the whole performance had stood with one eye on me, the other on the parade.

On the Reef of a Freshman's Woe

Nancy Yarborough, '19, Adelpian

I'm a broken-hearted Freshman,
I'm all filled with grief, hoo! hoo!
And I tell you what the trouble is,
I don't know what to do.

Oh! you think 'tis very funny,
But when you this story hear
You will not wonder then so much;
It's all so plain and clear.

Last night my cousin came out here,
He brought along another,
And when the Dean asked for his name,
He said he was my brother.

The first one was my cousin; but
The other—oh, my dear!
Why couldn't they just let me be?
I'm petrified with fear!

When at last they rose to leave me
The Dean distinctly let me know
That I must see her after lunch.
Heavens! I'm afraid to go.

You see how I'm in trouble,
And I can't get through my head
Whether to tell her how it is
Or to stick to what *he* said.



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No. 4

As we go to press a prominent thought in our mind is the
New Year. And with it comes the thought of
THE NEW the old, old custom of New Year "resolu-
YEAR tions". A wise professor in a certain college
said, "It's a mighty good thing to 'swear off' when a new
year comes round, but 'tis better far to 'swear on'." A good
idea that, isn't it?

As a magazine we are not immune to this tradition. And
whatever we have done well we are going to do better, and
wherein we have failed we are going to try to improve. We
are expecting much of the new year and we do not look for it
to fail us. And along with our trust in the New Year, that
it will serve us well, goes a hearty good wish to our every
reader:

I pondered long what it should be,
My simple New Year wish for thee—
A trifling thing itself, I know,
Yet rare if fellowship makes it so.
And knowing this, I wish you here
A spotless, beautiful, brand New Year!

A year like that your childhood knew,
 When friends were loyal, and love was true;
 When days were longer and joy complete,
 When nights were briefer, and sorrow fleet.
 God grant you those joys again to share,
 In this spotless, beautiful, brand New Year.

L. W. G.

In the spring of 1914 the class in North Carolina History, at the invitation of Col. Fred Olds, who has charge of the North Carolina Hall of History, visited Raleigh and while there saw this collection of historical relics, which is one of the finest of its kind, and found renewed interest in the history of our state. Col. Olds also became interested in our history department, and desiring to see a hall of history at the Normal, presented to the College an unusually valuable collection of Indian relics and a number of other interesting and valuable articles as a nucleus of a history museum of our own. Col. Olds spent a day at the College in December in the interest of this and while with us created quite a bit of enthusiasm in it. The class of 1916 was asked to become sponsor of the museum.

One of the class rooms in the Administration Building has been given as the home of our collection, and already two large cases are filled with interesting relics, and it is hoped that before long the large amount of wall space will be lined with pictures and documents illustrating the building of our state and nation, and that many more heirlooms will be added from time to time, either as gifts or loans. Anything that will in any way make clear any phase of the history of the life of our people, from a tuning fork to the pearls off Sir Walter Raleigh's coat, will be an asset. Haven't you something that will add to the interest of our museum?

The students have already shown much interest in it and have given many valuable articles, but the work is only begun and the cooperation of every student is needed to make our hall of history what it ought to be. Perhaps some of our friends in the state will be glad to make us a gift or a loan.

F. S., '16.

One of the biggest things that is before us in the year 1916 is the presentation of our May Day Fete at commencement. On that day we will roll back the centuries and live again in the good old days of merrie England. Led by Sir Walter Raleigh, there will pass before "Good Queen Bess" and her assembled court, a spectacular array of characters come together from history and fable. There will be Robin Hood and his band, King Arthur and his knights, the spirits of the seasons with their attendants, shepherds and shepherdesses, players, milkmaids, chimney sweeps, may pole dancers, and peasants. Even Mother Goose and the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe will be there. The line of march will pass to Curry Court, where the Queen of the May is to be crowned.

During the afternoon plays will be given at appropriate spots on our beautiful campus, arranged so that each visitor may have the opportunity of seeing each one. At six o'clock the whole company will reassemble on the court for the rustic dances, and just at the end of the gala day, with faces turned toward the west they will sing the old, old English evening hymn, sung for the first time in America at our pageant four years ago.

A pageant similar to this was presented by our College in 1912 and witnessed by about 3,000 spectators. The following day the newspapers voiced the sentiment of all who saw it by calling the event a "glorious success", "without a flaw", and "an entertainment which for beauty and immensity has never been equalled in the Southern States".

This pageant of four years ago was without question a decided success; and we are now given a chance to display our College spirit by making this an even greater success.

R. T., '16.



Y. W. C. A.

Mary Gwynn, '16, Adelphian

Sunday night, December 5, Dr. Donald McIver, of the First Presbyterian Church, of Burlington, spoke to us on the value of the development of the spiritual life.

Wednesday evening prayer service, December 8, was in charge of the Missionary Meetings Committee, who gave us a very interesting glimpse into the customs of other lands at Christmas time. Susie Brady spoke on the observance of Christmas in England; Martha Blakeney on the observance of Christmas in Germany; Norma Styron concluded the services by reading a selection from Van Dyke's "Spirit of Christmas".

In order that the student body as a whole might know more about the social service work that is being done by our association, the Social Service Committee had charge of the vesper services Sunday, December 11. At this meeting Sadie Fristoe presented the work that is being done in the mountain districts. Marianne Richards told about the work that is being done at home.

At the Sunday vesper services December 19, "The Messiah" was given.

Just before leaving for the holidays the Social Service Committee sent off three boxes of toys to mountain orphanages and furnished a Christmas tree for our adopted family.

The first Wednesday vesper service of the New Year was conducted by Miss Laura Coit, one of our own faculty members. She spoke of the necessity of making all our efforts tend toward the one fundamental purpose in life, if our lives are to be successful.

The first Sunday night vesper services after our return to the College were conducted by the three girls who represented our College last summer in New York in the Daily Vacation Bible School Movement. Ruth Tate gave a short sketch of the history of the schools and of the work accomplished in our school at St. Michael's Episcopal Church; Mary Gwynn told about where and how they lived and about the playground work; Sadie McBrayer gave an account of the interesting trips taken and of the sightseeing done. The program was concluded with a "day at school".

The month of February is to be celebrated as jubilee month of the Young Women's Christian Association throughout the United States.



AMONG OURSELVES

Our College feels honored in having had Mme. Ethel Leginska, pianist, here on December 3, her appearance being one of our lyceum course numbers. Mme. Leginska is a remarkable pianist, whose striking individuality lends an exquisite charm to all her work. She has a splendid command of technic and a wonderful power of interpretation. The audience appreciated her program to the fullest extent.

Last month we were so fortunate as to have with us Dr. C. W. Stiles, of Wilmington, N. C., one of the officers of the United States Bureau of Public Health. Dr. Stiles delivered the third of our health lectures, paying particular attention to the subject of pellagra, in which the health commission is particularly interested at present.

At the last meeting of the Senior Latin Club, the Seniors presented Plautus' *Andria*, to the enjoyment of all present.

On December 10, assisted by Mrs. Wade R. Brown, contralto, Mr. G. Scott-Hunter gave his eighth organ recital. It is especially interesting to note that the vocal number, "Culloden" (a Highland Lament), was composed by Mr. Scott-Hunter himself, and was received with much applause.

The University of North Carolina Glee Club visited the College on December 11, giving a concert under the auspices of the Senior Class. A new feature introduced on the program this year was a little sketchlet, very cleverly done.

Col. Fred A. Olds, of Raleigh, spoke to us in chapel recently, encouraging us in our effort to start a museum. Dr. Olds is a successfully experienced man in this line, so his words were accepted with full appreciation.

On Saturday evening, December 18, also on the following Sunday afternoon, under the direction of Mr. Wade R. Brown, the Normal College Chorus, assisted by the musical men of the city, gave "The Messiah", the first performance being for the college girls, the second for the public. The soloists were Miss Katherine M. Severson, soprano; Mrs. Wade R. Brown, contralto; Mr. C. Judson House, tenor, of New York; and Mr. Overton Moyle, bass. The accompanists were Miss Aliene Minor, pianist; Mr. Geo. Scott-Hunter, organist.

This was Mr. House's first appearance in the south, and his hearers were delighted with the beautiful smoothness and tenderness of his

voice, especially enjoying his "Thy Rebuke". Mr. Moyle sang at the Normal last May in the presentation of Faust, and fascinated his hearers at that time. His masterful rendition of the difficult bass arias in "The Messiah" showed remarkable breath control and interpretation, and won admiration from all.

On the night of December 21, the Sophomores gave a Christmas tree in honor of their sister class, the Seniors. At eight o'clock they assembled in the basement of the Science Building, where the guests were blindfolded. From there they were led upstairs and ridden in laundry baskets to "Santa Claus Land". A Christmas tree, open fire, nuts, candy, toys, and music made the evening seem fairylike indeed, and the Seniors declared it one of the happiest evenings of their college life.

Although most of the girls spent the Christmas holidays at home, about thirty-five remained at the College for that season. Among the good times they report, we hear of candy pulls, serenades, downtown luncheons, and a parlor Christmas tree party.

It has been a source of regret to us all that Miss Elizabeth Potwine, teacher of mathematics, has been unable to return to the College since the holidays on account of illness.

Mis Verta Idol, of High Point, succeeds Miss Eunice Anderson as teacher of the fourth grade in the training school.



WITH THE SOCIETIES

Adelphian Literary Society

On December 3 the Adelphian Society was charmingly entertained by another program planned as a surprise by our new girls. It was an attractive little cantata entitled, "The Quarrel of the Flowers". The cast of characters was as follows:

The Rose	Annie Laurie Bonney
The Violet	Evelyn Shipley
The Lily	Eula Pappendick
The Snowdrop	Minnie Smith
The Sunflower	Sara All
The Pink	Annie Moran
The Crocus	Maude Wilson

To say that everyone was pleased would not express it; everyone was delighted.

On January 8 we were indeed fortunate in having Dr. Lesh, one of our new faculty members, give a lecture on phrenology, which was at the same time intensely interesting and highly instructive. He discussed the basic principles of phrenology, the four distinct types of temperament, and lastly, the remarkable work of Miss Charlotte Blackford, a woman engaged at the neat sum of \$17,000 a year to hire employees for a large New York factory. Judging by the step, the handshake, the physical characteristics of the face, the glance of the eye, and confirming her convictions by a series of well planned questions, she has attained remarkable ability in estimating the character of prospective employees.

December 18 a bright little play entitled, "Sylvia's Aunts", was presented in our society. The cast of characters was:

Aunt Madeline, Aunt Martha—the aunts ..	Margaret Blythe, Annie Beam
Helen, a senior at Bedford College	Lizzie Fuller
Lois, Lou—jolly sophomores	Eliza Collins, Elizabeth Roundtree
Frances Leewood, Sylvia's friend	Madge Kennette
Ruth, Edith—juniors at Bedford	Lois Anderson, Marianne Richard

Cornelian Literary Society

The literary program of the Cornelian Literary Society at its first meeting in December was a series of tableaux taken from the Harrison Fisher pictures of "The Greatest Moments of a Woman's Life", with

Miss Frances Walker as the man, and Miss Dorothy Phelps as the girl. The lovely tableaux were made even more attractive by the music furnished between scenes by Misses Cox, Streetman, Moore, and Williams.

On December 18 the society gave its Christmas program. A large Christmas tree placed in one corner of the hall gave the place a Christmasy look, and the Santa Claus that later appeared with a load of candy, drew shouts of joy and laughter from all the girls present. During the evening a series of tableaux were given, showing the "Babe in the Manger", "The Wise Men", "The Presentation of Gifts", "The Night Before Christmas", and other Christmas scenes. Several musical selections were given between curtains, and the evening ended with a number of songs by all assembled.





EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Nannie Lambert, '16, Cornelian

Practically all of our exchanges of the past month do credit to the various colleges from which they come. Truly do they furnish good reading matter. Many of the magazines got out special Christmas numbers, while those that did not do this at least gave us some Christmas material.

We are glad to welcome the Emory Phoenix to our desk for the first time. It is one of the best before us. The publication is gotten up neatly and attractively. Judging by the Phoenix there is plenty of college spirit at Emory. The verse is especially good, and there is a goodly amount of it, too. Of the stories, "French Wine and German Beer", perhaps shows more talent of the story-teller. "Day Dreams" is a short essay noticeable for its originality. We notice the absence of a humorous department. "The world loves a laugh", and so do we. If the class of the writer were put to the articles, their merit could better be judged.

The Limestone Star comes to us this month with a distinctly southern tone. This is usually a most noticeable characteristic of The Star, and one which makes it a favorite with us. "The Vision" is a pleasing verse on The Nativity. The one essay is on a most timely subject, "Europe's Failure, America's Opportunity", and is excellently written. The writer takes a broad view of America's position at this critical time. The thought is unusually well phrased. We would suggest that the humorous department of the Star be separated from the locals.

This issue of The Tattler is a most creditable one. "Variety is the spice of life", and we get it in The Tattler—poems, stories, book reviews, sketches, etc., and all well written, too. The department, "The Hammer", with its purpose, "To give a rap where it is needed", is a most unique feature of the magazine, and we doubt not that it is an important factor in determining the conduct of the students. "A Glance at New Poems" shows that there is at Randolph-Macon a true appreciation of good poetry. No lover of the sea can fail to be attracted by "A Song of the Sea", a sprightly piece of verse with a poetic ring to it.

Congratulations to the St. Mary's Muse on being the first of the December arrivals. The first part of the issue is filled with stories and poems emanating Christmas spirit and good cheer. The contributors are for the most part underclassmen. This gives good promise for the

future of the Muse. It seems to us that too much space is given to local news and not enough to the literary department.

The Trinity Archive is as usual good reading. The two stories, "Mike's Debut", and "Up From the Snakes", are very entertaining, but are hardly enough to offset the heavy material. The verses, "A Christmas Boon" and "Voices of the Christmas Time", show that The Archive was not forgetful of the Christmas time. The editorial, "Keeping Christmas", presents a beautiful Christmas spirit.

As for literary merit, The Chimes is easily the leader. There is not an article in it but that does credit to Shorter. Then, too, the general appearance of the magazine is pleasing to the eye. This is the Senior number, and as such does credit to the class as well as to the magazine and to the college.

The most noticeable feature of The Focus is its extreme use of "simplified" spelling, a thing which makes it difficult reading and leaves a bad taste in the mouth. The titles suggest variety of thought at Farmville. Personally, however, we do not have the time to spend on figuring out what that thought is, clothed as it is in words which we have to translate almost as we do a foreign language.

We also acknowledge with thanks The Pine and Thistle, Davidson College Magazine, U. N. C. Magazine, The Hampton Chronicle, The College Message, The Hillbilly, The Critograph, The Messenger, The Wahisco, The Radiant, The Acorn, The Gold and Blue, The Mercerian, The Concept, The Lenoirian, The Isaqueena, The Black and Gold.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

Margaret Blythe, '17, *Adelphian*

It was a very cold day. A student coming from class was heard to remark: "I am so cold. I wish I had nothing to do, so I could sit on the registrar all day."

Mary: "Oh, I ran right into a Senior today and made her drop all her books."

Sue: "My! was she *non compulsed* about it?"

"Had you heard of the horrible tragedy that happened in Charlotte during the holidays—the electrocution of that lawyer?"

"No, what was the circumstances?"

"The man was eating fruit cake and struck a currant."

A farmer, at the suggestion of a friend, sent the old tin roof from his barn to the Ford Automobile Company, thinking that he might be slightly remunerated for it. In a few days he received the following notice:

Dear Sir: Your automobile is absolutely beyond repair.

Ford Automobile Co.

WARNING !

E. Schiffman, '17, Adelphian

All you little Davids,
Get out your slings and stones.
Goliath is a comin',
An' he's sure to get the drones.
Some call him 'xaminations,
An' he comes as sure as day,
An' he feeds on fives and sixes
When they get into his way.
If he can catch you nappin',
You're a goner you can bet,
For he always sees the lazy folks
An' never missed one yet.
So let your brains and text-books
Your slings and pebbles be,
An' dream all night of ones and twos,
An' get at least a three.

A man was dancing with his wife at a ball one night. Trying to make conversation, he said sweetly: "I declare, Agnes, this certainly is a fine floor."

To which his fond spouse replied: "If you think it's such a fine floor, why don't you come down off my feet and dance on it awhile?"

A lady hurrying into a department store, rushed up to the floor walker in a very flurried manner. "I would like something for my neck, please."

"Yes, ma'm; soap department three aisles to the left."

Sophomore to a Freshman, who had just received a letter from West Raleigh: "Won't you go with me to church Sunday?"

Freshman: "Well,—but I don't like to go to church here. It is so different from my home church, for there I always sit in the A. and M. corner."

Note.—Perhaps she meant amen corner.

RELIABLE

E. Schiffman

Are you sad and feeling blue?

Well, some comfort waits for you

In a certain friend I know.

Need you kindness or good will,

Wisdom, scissors, or a pill?

To this friend then straightway go.

Gold and silver, fame and health,

Buttons, shoestrings, pride and wealth,

These he always keeps in store.

Also music, knives and dishes,

Supplies to fill your needs and wishes,

And many other things galore.

Cheer up, then, and keep on smiling,

Though you need slate roof or tiling,

Here's a sure source never weary,

Be it horse or diamond ring,

You can find most anything

In the dictionary.

"What was the literary part of Friday's chapel programme?"

"Mr. Scott-Hunter gave a remonstrance of parts of the organ."

Student in corner drugstore: "I want a cake of Pears' soap, please."

Clerk: "Scented? Do you wish it scented?"

Student: "Oh no, you needn't trouble. I'll just take it along with me."

One of the new after Christmas students wanted to know why there were so many thermometers hanging in the halls. She was examining the fire extinguishers.

Fr.: "Miss Patty, will you let me have two protoplasms for a cent?"
Did she mean court plasters?

A new domestic science student hearing of a girl who had been put on probation by her house president, was deeply impressed, and wrote home: "The worst thing about this Self-Rulement Association is that one student may quarantine another."



ORGANIZATIONS

The Student Self-Government Association

Rosa Blakeney President	Annie Mae Fuller Secretary
Ruth Tate Vice-President	Madeline Thompson Treasurer

Marshals

Chief—Annie Spainhour, Burke County, Cornelian

Adelphian

Cornelian

Annie Beam Cleveland County	Esther Mitchell Granville County
Edwina Lovelace Wilson County	Kate M. Streetman .. McDowell County
Marguerite Wiley .. Buncombe County	Evelyn Whitty Jones County
Flossie Harris Rowan County	Estelle Dillon Craven County
Kate Jones Buncombe County	Carrie Goforth Caldwell County

Literary Societies

Adelphian and Cornelian Societies—Secret Organizations

Senior Class

Lucy Hatch President	Mary Powell Secretary
Jeanette Cox Vice-President	May L. Fallon Treasurer
Mary Dorrity Critic	Janie Ipock Cheer Leader

Junior Class

Madge Kennette President	Annie Folger Secretary
Laura Holt Vice-President	Agnes Petrie Treasurer
Alice V. Williams Critic	Sadie Lee Holton Cheer Leader

Sophomore Class

Lucile Reams President	Naomi Neal Secretary
Annie Newton Vice-President	Mabel Smith Treasurer
Ruth White Critic	

Freshman Class

Adelaide Van Noppen President	Catherine Phillips Treasurer
Mary Foust Vice-President	Macie Parham Cheer Leader
Mary Hall Secretary	Willie Moore Monitor
Camille Campbell Critic	

Y. W. C. A.

Sadie McBrayer President	Louise Maddry Secretary
Mary Gwynn Vice-President	Sarah Gwynn Treasurer

Athletic Association

Jessie Gainey President	Georgia Hatch Special Vice-Pres.
Janie Ipock Senior Vice-Pres.	Janie Wright Prep. Vice-Pres.
Hattie May Covington .. Junior V.-Pres.	Madge Kennette Secretary
Louise Davis Soph. Vice-Pres.	Eva McDonald Treasurer
Mary Nesbitt Fresh. Vice-Pres.	Ellen Rosa Critic